

The Discontented Lover,

To a pleasant new Court Tune.



Toul, toul, gentle bell for a soul,
 Billing care doth controule;
 And my mind is sore oppress,
 But I fear I shall dye,
 For glancing of that eye,
 Which so lately did flye,
 Like a Comet from the Sky:
 O like some great Deity:
 But my wishes are in vain,
 I shall never see't again.

When I, in the Temple did spy,
 This divine purity,
 On her knees to her Saint,
 She seem'd so divine,
 All the graces did shine,
 Far more fairer then the shine:
 Faith I wish she had been mine,
 And my heart full resign,
 May powerfully prove,
 No Religion like Love.

Fair, fair, and as chaste as the Air,
 Holy Runns breath in prayer:
 Was this Motre's divine,
 From each eye dropt a tear,
 Like the pearled Violets were,
 When the Spring doth appear,
 To usher in the year,
 But I dare safely swear,
 That those tears trickle down,
 For no sins of her own.

But now increaseth my woe,
 I by no means can know,
 Where this beauty doth dwell:
 All her rites being done,
 To her Lady and her Son,
 I was left all alone,
 And my Saint was from me gone,
 And to Heaven she is flown:
 Which makes me to say, *45*
 I can scarce live a day. *6. 28.*

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Now I, must make halt and dye,
And ascend to the sky,
Where my hopes are inthron'd:
You Ladies all adieu,
Be your loves false or true,
I am going for to view,
One that far excels all you,
One whom I never knew,
But must breathe out my breath,
For acquaintance in death.
Ring, ring, merry bells while we sing,
Drinking healths to our King,
And our minds all advanc'd;
Let us never fear to dye,
Till we drink out each eye,
Let cash and cans flye,
Like hail-stones in the sky,
Bacchus great Deity:
But my wishes are in vain,
Fill the Cans round again.
When I, in the Tavern did spy,
Such fair boon Company,
On our knees drinking healths,
We look so divine,
When our noses do shine,
Well burnisht with rich wine,
Faith I wish the cup were mine:
Into thee I resign,
And may powerfully prove,
In drinking thy love.

Printed for F. Coles, in Wine-street, on Saffron-hill, neer Hatton-garden.

Free, free, as the air let us be,
Esteeming no degree,
But to all breath alike:
From one eye drop a tear,
Lest you should appear,
And next morning to fear,
To be Physickt with small Beer,
But I dare safely swear:
If a tear trickle down,
'Tis for love to the Crown.
And now, increaseth my woe,
I by all means must know,
What is due for our sack;
But the reckoning being paid,
To the Hostels or Maid,
We need not to be afraid,
To be scurvily betraid,
To the Constables aid:
Let us honestly pay,
Else we scarce get away.
Now must I make haste and see,
What will us all free,
All our hands from the War,
You Ladies all adieu,
Be your reckoning false or true,
I am going for to view,
What belongeth to all you,
Though we pay more then our due,
Yet my Purse will I spend,
And my life for my friend.